

№3
AUGUST

IND

AMERICAN
LITERATURE
AUGUST

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

HERBIE

12¢

H-HELP!

W-WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO TO
US, HERBIE?

YOU WANT
I SHOULD BOP YOU
WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP?



HERBIE POPNECKER IS SOMETHING VERY, VERY SPECIAL. SOMETHING LIKE THE NEW FRONTIER, EXCEPT THAT HE'S THE FAT FRONTIER. HE'S GOT POWERS THAT HE HASN'T EVEN TRIED YET. DON'T BOTHER WRITING IN TO TELL US YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN HERBIE, BECAUSE HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN YOU. JUST TIE YOURSELF TO THE NEAREST CHAIR, SCREAM WITH FRIGHT AND DARE TO READ THE TERROR TALE OF

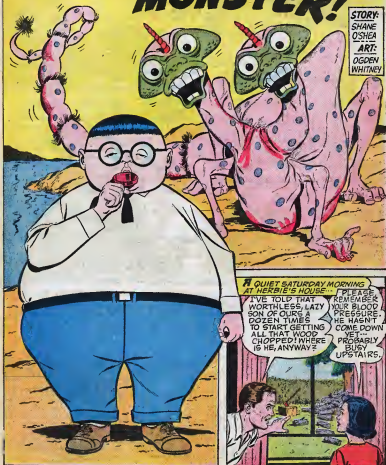
HERBIE *and the* LOCH NESS MONSTER!

STORY:

SHANE O'SHEA

ART:

OGDEN WHITNEY



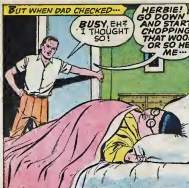
A QUIET SATURDAY MORNING AT HERBIE'S HOUSE...

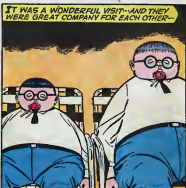
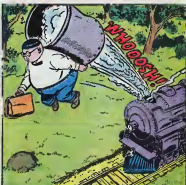
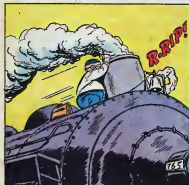
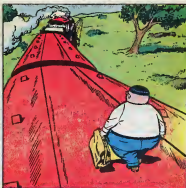
I'VE TOLD THAT WORTHLESS, LAZY SON OF OURS A DOZEN TIMES TO START GETTING ALL THAT WOOD CHOPPED! WHERE IS HE, ANYWAY?

PLEASE, REMEMBER YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE. HE HASN'T COME DOWN YET... PROBABLY BUSY UPSTAIRS.

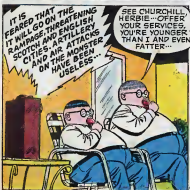
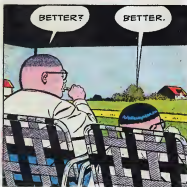
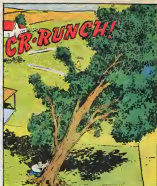
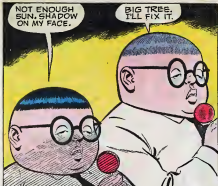


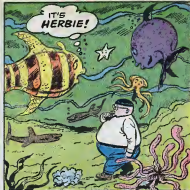
HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, Oct.-Nov., Dec.-Jan. © 1964 by East Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Bleecker Streets, South, Illinois. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial: Miss 321 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Paul Patrick M. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$9.44, single copies, \$0.12. Foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address: American Comics Group, Inc., 321 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparta, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 3, August, 1964.





IT WAS A WONDERFUL VISIT--AND THEY WERE GREAT COMPANY FOR EACH OTHER--





WELL---IT DIDN'T QUITE DO
THE JOB---



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

HANDS ACROSS
THE SEA STUFF.
CAME TO SQUELCH
THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER.

YOU REALIZE
WHAT YOU'RE UP
AGAINST? I'VE
GOT THE LATEST
OFFICIAL PICTURES
--- LET ME SHOW
YOU.



SEE? THERE'S NO DEFEATING
IT! AND AS FOR THE DAMAGE
IT'S DONE, YOU'VE SEEN ONLY
PART OF IT. WE'VE HAD TO
ESTABLISH A SPECIAL
BASE HOSPITAL NEAR
LOCH NESS...



CHIN
UP!

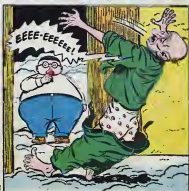
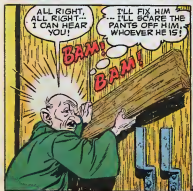
CHIN
UP!

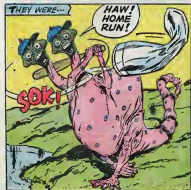
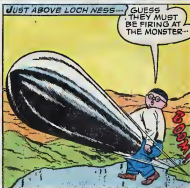
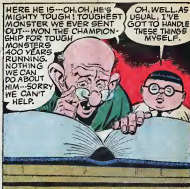
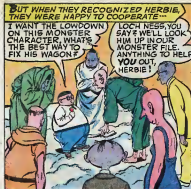
THEY'RE TRYING
TO BE CHEERFUL
--- BUT YOU CAN SEE
HOW DANGEROUS
THAT MONSTER IS!

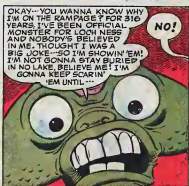
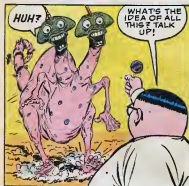
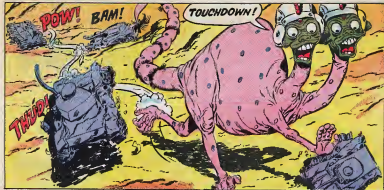


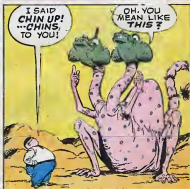
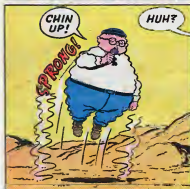
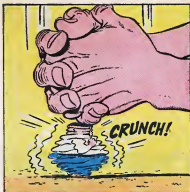
DO YOU SEE WHAT
WE'RE UP AGAINST
NOW? YOU CAN'T
DO A THING, OLD
BOY, BUT THANKS
FOR WANTING TO
HELP. CHIN UP!











AND SO THE LOCH NESS MONSTER RETURNED TO THE UNKNOWN FROM WHENCE HE HAD COME...

PLEASE, FELLAS
...LET ME STAY AND
NEVER BUDGE
OUTA HERE
AGAIN, HUH?



...AND FOR YOUR BRAVE
AND NOBLE SERVICES
TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND,
I KNIGHT YOU **DUKE OF
POPNECKER!**



TELL ME, HERBIE
...DON'T YOU THINK
I'M PRETTIER THAN
LADYBIRD?

TO TELL YOU
THE TRUTH, I
KNOW MOSTLY
FROM LOLLIPOPS!



LATER...BACK HOME...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL
THAT THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER SEEMS TO
HAVE DISAPPEARED?
WHY, IT MIGHT HAVE
MENACED THE ENTIRE
BRITISH EMPIRE! IT'S
GOOD NEWS, ALL
RIGHT...

YES--BUT NOW
PREPARE YOUR-
SELF FOR SOME
BAD NEWS!
LOOK!



THAT LITTLE FAT NOTHING
OF A SON OF OURS IS BACK
FROM HIS GRANDFATHER'S.
IF THAT BOY **EVER** DOES
ANYTHING WORTHWHILE,
I'LL DIE OF THE
SHOCK!





HERE'S HERBIE!



Look. I'm a man of few words. You all know who I am...won't waste time on jerky introductions. Editor wanted to run this Department with a lot of fancy talk. Had to bop him and take over. Want to have an understanding with all you readers. Promise to bring you great stories. Greatest in the world. All about me and every word true. In return, you buy every issue or get clothed. Another thing—write and tell me how you like my new magazine. Address: "HERBIE", American Comics Group, 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Better write—I get mad easy. Be nice and your letter might even get published. Here are the sort of letters that made 'em give me my own magazine. Go ahead. Read.

"Dear Editor:-

One look at the cover of the new issue of 'Forbidden Worlds' was enough to tell me, 'Herbie's back!' With shaking hands, I snatched the comic from the rack. I tossed fifteen cents to the store-keeper on my way out and, not even waiting for my change, bent it home just as fast as my little legs could carry me. At home I ran into great danger, my two younger brothers foaming at the mouth as they struggled desperately for the comic, all the while screaming 'Gimme-gimme, it's got Herbie in it!' Only after I had battled my way to my room and barred the door could I enjoy the fathomless pleasure of reading a brand new Herbie adventure. After living through three Herbie stories, I have arrived at the only possible solution to the problem—give Herbie a book of his own—before he takes matters into his own hands! I am hotly casting my vote (a lollipop) in favor of giving Herbie a book of his own!

—James H. Palmer,
6518 Belcrest, Houston 17, Texas."
Well—they gave me my book, didn't they? What more do you want? James H. Palmer, bub? I'm keeping my eye on you...

"Dear Editor:-

We, the members of the Herbie Popnecker Fan Club, Rutgers University branch, feel it is unfair to our hero to limit his appear-

ance to only an occasional story. A fellow like Herbie, who displays such sterling devotion to American ideals and does so with such humor and ingenuity, ought to have a whole magazine to himself. We humbly plead with you to give us more of Herbie!

—The Herbie Popnecker Fan Club

Jean C. Prescott, President
Sandra J. Bailey, Vice-President
Judy E. Freund, Secretary-Treasurer
Laura A. Johnston, Historian

What are you dames yelling about? You're reading me now—whole book full of me and you deserve it. But you're good kids. Let's see. Jean, Sandra, Judy and Laura...remind me not to bop you.

"Dear Editor:-

There it was..."HERBIE"!...you can guess the result. I bought FW No. 116 without further examination. 'Herbie Goes To The Devil'—topnotch once more! The ridiculous, yet delightful idiocy once more prevailed in this strip. The puns and parodies—excellent! Herbie deserves his own comic by now, I'm positive you'll agree.

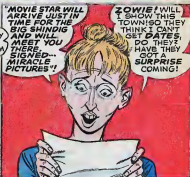
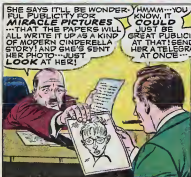
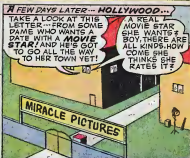
—Paul Gambaccini,
8 Elizabeth Dr., Westport, Conn."
I'll say the Editor agreed—be's chicken. All I did was break both his arms and—you're reading it.

"Dear Editor:-

I am 22 years old and a recent graduate of Brown University in Providence, R. I. Congratulations to you for Herbie Popnecker, who is one of the most aware characters in all of American literature—my major at the University. Herbie's imperturbable way is very reminiscent of Melville's Ishmael and the lollipop stands as the perfect symbol of the modern anti-child-hero. Herbie swings with his Buddha nature like today's super-heroes never dared!

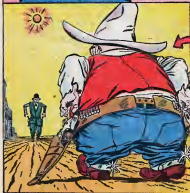
—Barry Walter,
65 John Street, Providence, R. I."
This character makes with long words. With me, it's get in my way and Wham! Can't be bothered with details.

NELLIE NO-DATE





LISTEN, YOU---YOU PEOPLE,
YOU! GOT BIG NEWS ABOUT
NEXT ISSUE. JUST
LISTEN---AND LOOK!



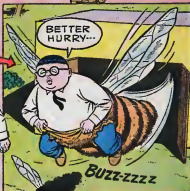
SCENE FROM THE LEAD
FEATURE---"**BIG FAT MESS
AT THE OKAY CORRAL!**"
ONLY THE GREATEST STORY
EVER WRITTEN, THAT'S
ALL. **TRUE STORY, TOO.**
I WAS THERE---
AND WAIT TILL
YOU SEE **HOW**
I WAS THERE!



CRAZY IF YOU THINK
THAT'S ALL. FOR THE
SAME LOW PRICE, YOU
GET TO SEE ME
GIVE OUT IN---

**"PROFESSOR
FLIPDOME'S
SCREWY
MACHINE!"**

JUST WATCH
ME GET OUT
OF **THIS** FIX.
NO WISE CRACKS,
OR I'LL **BEE-BOP**
YOU WITH THIS HERE
LOLLIPOP!



BETTER
HURRY---

BUZZ-ZZZZ

ORDERS FROM HERBIE: "OKAY, YOU SQUARES. IT'S A DATE
FOR **HERBIE NO. 4**, SEPTEMBER ISSUE---ON SALE AT ALL SMART
NEWSSTANDS BY MID-JULY. OF COURSE, YOU DON'T **HAVE** TO BUY IT
--- YOU CAN BE STUPID. ONLY MEANS BLOOD, FRACTURES, TEETH SCATTERED
AROUND. NOT NICE. BETTER BUY."

BUY "HERBIE!"

HERBIE'S TYPICAL TUESDAY

It was a bright Tuesday that Herbie awoke to, but he felt tired and lethargic. A good day to take things easy, he decided. Relax. Don't extend yourself, except to climb into the hammock for a quiet snooze. And there was nothing in the way of complete comfort, because this happened to be a school holiday—which was why he had slept late in the first place. *Plop, plop, plop*—that was he descending the stairs. And there was his mother at the phone, a worried look on her face as she spoke breathlessly to her special friend, Mrs. McGillicuddy. "I-I parked the car in front of the house and forgot to put on the brakes", she was saying in woebegone tones, "and it rolled down the hill and into the lake! Oh, I'm so afraid to tell my husband when he comes home for lunch...."

There was only one thing to do. A hurried breakfast, a donning of swim trunks under his clothes and down to the lake trudged Herbie Poppecker, Mr. Three-By-Three. He could have dived in, but he didn't, because if he had he might have caused a tidal wave. He just walked in, walked along the bottom under 20 feet of water. There it was. Looked different. Wet, that was why. Herbie stooped, grasped the automobile by its front axle and lifted it up, staring at it, thoughtfully. Have to get a new one someday soon. Showing wear. He flipped his hand upward and the car shot to the surface, left the water, soared gracefully through the air and landed lightly in the grass bordering the lake. There was a churning of water—that was Herbie as he strode out and approached the dripping automobile. Wet. Dad would be sure to know what had happened. He dried the car thoroughly with a searing look and pushed it back up the street because he was too young to drive. That was that. He'd done what he had to because, after all, a fella had obligations to his mother. Now for a good, relaxing rest in the hammock....

But the hammock wasn't for him—not yet, anyway. There came Dad up the walk, home for lunch. He didn't like to see Herbie in the hammock. Funny that way. Oh, well—so Herbie would eat. It wasn't exactly a pleasant meal, because Dad was worried. Plenty worried! It seems that he had made a large investment in a tract of land down in Flor-

ida on which he had intended to build a golf course. He had sunk every cent he owned into this land, and now that it was bought, he had discovered too late that it was covered almost completely by a big mountain! And now he was sunk, bankrupt. Nothing could be done. Other men had sons who could help them, but not Mr. Poppecker!

Wearily, Herbie pushed back his chair and left the room. Outside, he plodded heavily up into the air, stifling a yawn. *Plop, plop, plop*—that was he trudging through the sky. He looked down sleepily. Yeah, that was Florida, all right. And that was Dad's property. Tch, tch. Sure was a big mountain on it. Herbie stared thoughtfully at it and it stared back at him meanly. Almost as if it were saying, "Wanna make something out of it, Bub?" Well, if there was one thing that he couldn't stand, it was tough mountains. Slowly, he extracted his stock of lollipops and inspected them one by one. *Orange*. Okay for sudden death. *Lemon*. Best for mayhem. *Lime*. For large elephants or small dinosaurs. *Chocolate*. For riots and public disturbances. *Grape*. Best for giants and runaway horses. *Butterscotch*. For rebellious armies, that one. Ah—here it was at last. *Cinnamon*—for bopping tough mountains!

Wham! A terrific shock wave, with dirt and rocks flying in all directions. And when the dust cleared, the mountain had vanished. In its place was a pleasantly rolling terrain, already laid out in greens and fairways. "Better order more of the cinnamon," thought Herbie approvingly. "Get things done." Another walk through the Heavens—*plop, plop, plop*—and he was home again, to find Dad breathless with happy excitement. Already he had received telegrams offering him a hundred times what he had paid for that Florida land. Herbie sighed wearily and headed for the hammock. He felt that he had earned a rest. But even as he settled into it with a gurgling, fat sigh, he heard his father's tones. "Where's that little fat nothing of a son of ours?" he was saying. "Wasting his time doing nothing as usual, I suppose!"

Another sigh. That was Herbie getting out of the hammock. Yes, there was no doubt about it. It was a typical Tuesday for him!

FEEL IN THE PINK? BEEN SLEEPING WELL LATELY? THE **FAT FURY** WILL CHANGE ALL THAT, PAL. GET SET FOR A BREAKDOWN AND A REAL FRACTURE WHEN YOU MEET UP WITH THE ONE AND ONLY---

HERBIE *in*

"POPNECKER SAVES THE POORHOUSE!"

GIVE TO A
WORTHY CAUSE
...ME!



STORY: SHANE
O'SHEA
ART: OGDEN
WHITNEY

DAD WAS HIPPIED ON A NEW IDEA---

WHY NOT ME? WHY
SHOULDN'T I BE ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE?
A GREAT HONOR LIKE
THAT--WHY, IT WOULD
BE THE MAKING
OF ME!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT COULD
STOP YOU--A
FINE MAN LIKE
YOU, THEY'D
HAVE TO BE
CRAZY NOT
TO ELECT
YOU.





NOPE---WOULDN'T
LIKE IT FOR ANYTHING.

WHOEVER'S ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE JUST **HAS** TO
HAVE A RECORD OF PUBLIC-SPIRITED
CHARITY. MY OPPONENTS
FOR THE JOB HAVE ALL
THE AVAILABLE CHARITIES
ALREADY TIED UP--WHAT'S
LEFT FOR **ME** TO GO
INTO?

WELL, CHARITY
BEGINS AT
HOME--AND
SINCE MY
HOME IS GONNA
BE THE POOR-
HOUSE---

I'VE GOT IT---**THE POORHOUSE!**
IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS ON
MY PART TO THINK OF IT!

BUT DAD---
WHAT DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
COLLECTING
MONEY FOR
CHARITY?

WELL, DAD PLAYED IT FOXY. IF HE DIDN'T
KNOW, THERE WERE PROFESSIONALS WHO
DID---LIKE THE FIRM OF **TINKLEBERRY
AND OBSENDORFER**, FOR EXAMPLE---

I PICKED YOU PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU SAY NO
JUST STARTED IN BUSINESS, AND I MORE.
FIGURED THAT NEW BROOMS WOULD SUCH A
WOULD SWEEP CLEAN. NOW, WORTHY CHARITY
MY CAMPAIGN FOR A AND WITH A PUBLIC-
BETTER POORHOUSE--- SPIRITED MAN LIKE
YOU BEHIND

TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORFER
CHARITABLE CAMPAIGN
FUND--RAISERS

IT--IT'LL
BE A
CINCH.
MR.
POPNECKER!

AND SO THE BIG CAMPAIGN BEGAN---

GIVE TO THE
POPNECKER
POORHOUSE
FUND

POPNECKER
POORHOUSE
FUND

AND WHEN THE DRIVE WAS OVER...

ALL WE WANT YOU TO DO IS SIGN THAT RECEIPT FOR THE MONEY WE COLLECTED FOR YOU. IT'S FOR SUCH A GOOD CAUSE THAT WE REFUSE TO TAKE A CENT FOR OUR COLLECTION WORK!

THANKS, MR. TINKLEBERRY ---MR. OBSENDORPER. THAT SURE IS SWELL OF YOU!



AH---YOUR LITTLE SON, I PRESUME? MANLY LITTLE LAD--

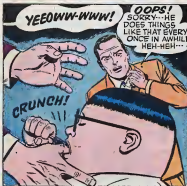
??



YEEOWWW-WWW!

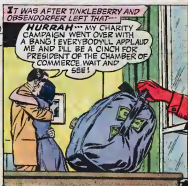
OOPS! SORRY---HE DOES THINGS LIKE THAT EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE! HEH-HEH---

CRUNCH!



IT WAS AFTER TINKLEBERRY AND OBSENDORPER LEFT---

HURRAH--- MY CHARITY CAMPAIGN WENT OVER WITH A BANG! EVERYBODY'LL APPLAUD ME AND I'LL BE A CINCH FOR PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE. WAIT AND SEE!



ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MONEY---G-GONE! BUT WHERE IS ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MONEY?

IT'S G-GONE! SOMEBODY'S STOLEN IT!



OH-HHHH! EVERYBODY KNOWS I GOT THE MONEY---I EVEN SIGNED A RECEIPT FOR IT, AND NOW IT'S DISAPPEARED! PEOPLE WILL ACCUSE ME OF STEALING IT--- I'LL GO TO JAIL! WHAT WILL YOU TWO DO THEN?

GO TO THE POORHOUSE. WHAT ELSE?



BUT SEEING HIS PARENTS' AGITATION, HERBIE KNEW HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING...

I GOT TO GET THAT STOLEN MONEY BACK. JOB COULD HAVE BEEN DONE BY SOMEONE WHO COMES AROUND HERE REGULARLY LIKE THAT NEW MILKMAN. BETTER WATCH HIM-- BUT HE MUSTN'T SUSPECT IT--

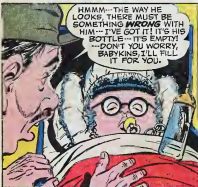


SO...WHEN THE MILKMAN CAME WITH HIS NEXT DELIVERY...

MY, WHAT A PRETTY BABY!



HMMM...THE WAY HE LOOKS, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING **WRONG** WITH HIM-- I'VE GOT IT! IT'S HIS BOTTLE-- IT'S EMPTY! --DON'T YOU WORRY, BABYKINS, I'LL FILL IT FOR YOU.



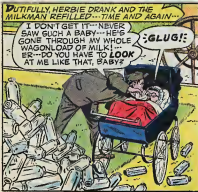
THERE, PWECCIOUS, BABY BOTTLE **ALL** FILLED!--SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY PACIFIER HE'S GOT. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I COULD SWEAR THAT'S A **LOLLIPOP** ON THE OTHER END!



DUTIFULLY, HERBIE DRANK AND THE MILKMAN REFILLED...TIME AND AGAIN...

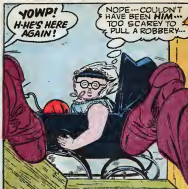
I DON'T GET IT--NEVER SAW SUCH A BABY--HE'S GONE THROUGH MY WHOLE WAGONLOAD OF MILK!-- ER--DO YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, BABY?

:GLUG!:



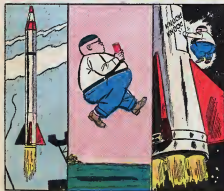
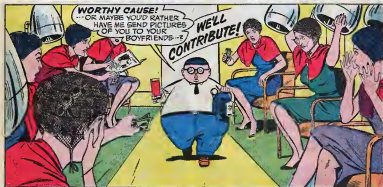
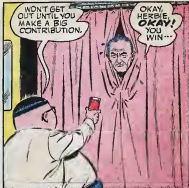
DOPEY MILK...

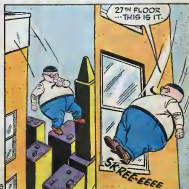


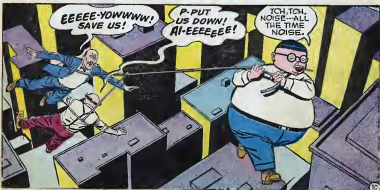
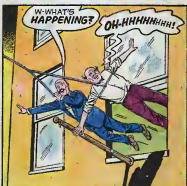
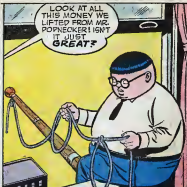
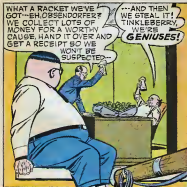


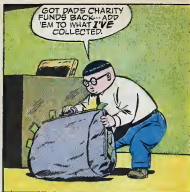
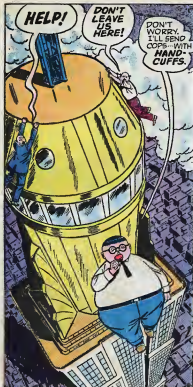
(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)











WANT TO SEE PART OF THE OUTCOME? LOOK---

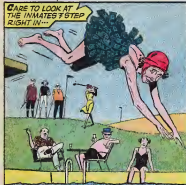
HERE ARE THE RESULTS OF THE ELECTION. IT'S UNANIMOUS--**MR. POPNECKER HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE!** YESSIR, A RICHLY-DESERVED REWARD FOR HIS NOBLE EFFORTS!



AND WHERE THE OLD POORHOUSE HAD BEEN, THIS ONE NOW STANDS---



CARE TO LOOK AT THE INMATES? STEP RIGHT IN---



APPLICATIONS ARE POURING IN FROM ALL OVER TO ENTER OUR NEW POORHOUSE. EVEN FROM THE RICH---

LET 'EM ALL IN. WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF ALL THE MONEY THAT WAS COLLECTED SOMEHOW!



NOW BACK TO DAD---

YEG, BOYS--YOU CAN PUBLISH IN ALL YOUR PAPERS THAT I MAY RUN FOR SENATE. AFTER ALL A MAN WITH ALL MY DRIVE AND ENTERPRISE--

TOO BAD IT DOESN'T RUN IN THE FAMILY, EH, MR. POPNECKER?



YOU EVEN SPOIL MY PRESS CONFERENCES, LYING AROUND THE WAY YOU DO! OH, WHY CAN'T YOU BE A LIVEWIRE LIKE ME--INSTEAD OF JUST A LITTLE FAT NOTHING!

?!?



Brother, can YOU spare

ADIME 10¢?

FOR A NEW MILLION DOLLAR HE-MAN BODY
STRENGTH-POWERED with 520 MIGHTY MUSCLES!
To Become A STAR in ANY SPORT! A SUCCESS in EVERYTHING!

Rush to me your LAST CHANCE coupon below, —
I'LL RUSH to you FREE My Professional Secrets

HOW TO GAIN 50 LBS OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

HOW TO LOSE up to 50 lbs. of UGLY DANGEROUS FAT

FREE ALL FIVE \$5 WORLD-FAMOUS
PICTURE-PACKED ABC COURSES

1. How to Develop 18 to 18½ INCH BIG ARMS
Powerful to land a knockout PAT BULL!
2. How to Build a 45 to 52 INCH HEROIC CHEST
Muscle TIRELESS LUNGS for ENDURANCE in
Work, Sports, for ATTRACTING GIRLS!
3. How to Build a BROAD MUSCLE-PACKED BACK
and SHOULDERS like SUPER-MAN SHOULDERS
leading to a SLIM PUNCH-PROOF WAIST.
4. How to Develop LEGS with MAXIMUM ENDURANCE.
5. How to Build BROAD MUSCULAR FOREARMS, A STEEL GRIP.

How to Become a FEARLESS SELF-DEFENSE FIGHTER.
OVERPOWERING ANY BULLY TWICE YOUR SIZE!

This is
once
library
ABC pupil!
BILL BUTLER
High School
Teacher



"YOUR PHYSICAL DIRECTOR BEN RETHKE
HURRY at 50 years of age. He is a brilliant
University Authority on creating a healthy
mind in a healthy body."

1991 Dr. Winfield Scott Pugh,
Commander, U.S. Navy Medical Corps

YOURS FREE

in this AMAZING NEW BOOK in colors. Jam-full with 120
PHOTOS of STRONG MEN and CHAMPIONS like WEAKER
than you, as you will see in their pitiful BEFORE Photos and Stories. There are scores of How-
to-do-it Pictures showing you how YOU can quickly and easily become AN OLYMPIC CHAMPION
in STRENGTH, SPEED and
ENDURANCE... and MR.
AMERICA in Build and
Physique.

Yet! In just THRILLING MIN-
UTES a day, in the SECRECY of
YOUR OWN ROOM this book's
RAPID-FIRE, EASY as ABC PA-
RADISE PICTURE METHODS will
show you how to build 18 INCH
ARMS of MIGHT, a big, deep 45
INCH CHEST bearing TIRELESS
LUNGS, WIDE BRAWLY SHOUL-
DERS — a BROAD BRAWNY
BACK, leading to a SLENDER
WAIST with punch-proof STOM-
ACH MUSCLES, LEGS of RUN-
NING POWER. You, Sam, I see
many ABC Pupils can WIN
FAME and FORTUNE on TV or in
the Movies, as a Physical Director
or Professional Athlete.

THIS BOOK will show you HOW
to WIN a 15" tall Trophy with
YOUR NAME, etc. engraved on it;
a Gold Medal and from \$100
to \$1,000

This will be the NEW

YOU

AFTER
YOU ARE
REBUILT
by the
AMERICAN
BODYBUILDING
CLUB
NATURAL
POWER
PROGRESS-
IVE
METHODS
from your
HEAD to
your
HEELS
every inch
a REAL
HE-MAN



YOU can WIN
\$100 and A BIG
TROPHY with
YOUR NAME and
SUCCESS engraved
on it as Bill Butler did
and many other pupils.

MAIL COUPON before it is too late!

AMERICAN BODY BUILDING CLUB, Dept. E-48, GREAT NECK, NEW YORK

Send me FREE all 5 WORLD FAMOUS STRENGTH TEST COURSES
including PHOTO BOOK of FAMOUS STRONG MEN, once weekly;
now famous Strong Men and How to Become one of Them

- ☐ I enclose \$5.00 for mailing and handling.
I am under no other obligation.
I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body I want.
☐ I want to gain _____ lbs. (150 lbs.) ☐ I triple my strength.
I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.
I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ ARMS ☐ CHEST
☐ SHOULDERS ☐ POWERFUL LEGS ☐ SLIM WAIST
☐ I want to become a winning athlete, ☐ I want raw pop.

NAME _____

AGE _____

DO NOT MAIL COUPON if UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE.

ADDRESS _____

PLEASE PRINT OR
WRITE CLEARLY

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

Is anyone Criticizing of the 34th anniversary of WORLD WIDE
BOUTIQUE SUCCESS CHANGING MEN'S HEAD INTO MAGNIFICENT
HE-MAN — 8' 10" 4" FAST, 100 lbs. GYM BUILT OF GYM FREE

"DONKEY or FAT, 18, 20, 30, 40, 50
or more years of age. YOU BUILD

YOU

into A NEW ATHLETIC
MIGHTY-MUSCLED
STREAMLINED

HE MAN

Ben Rethke

See the STUNNING BEFORE and AFTER PHOTOS
AMERICAN BODY BUILDING CLUB, ABC,

Let me know
how to get

FREE

\$100 worth
of Sports,
Scholeastic,
Strong-man
Stunts,
Conquest,
Amateurism